

IT IS BREWER, OF KANSAS.
ON A BURNING STEAMER.

APPOINTED TO THE VACANT SEAT IN THE HIGHEST FEDERAL COURT.
GRESHAM, MILLER AND NOBLE ARE LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.

Judge Brewer is the Nephew of Justice Field, Was Born in Asia and Bears an Excellent Reputation in Kansas and Neighboring States—Why a Western Man Was Chosen.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The nomination of Judge Brewer to the Supreme Court bench by the President today occasions little comment here in Democratic circles. Judge Brewer is as little known to the majority of the members of his own party here as to the Democrats, but he has two staunch friends in Senators Ingalls and Plumb.

The President desired to strengthen himself west of the Mississippi river. The President is beginning to realize also that he needs a champion in the Senate, where there is condition of affairs that borders on revolt. Mr. Ingalls is the most eloquent and aggressive of the Republican Senators, and the President has besought the Senator's friendship and support by the appointment of his friend.

The point most definitely made by today's nomination is that Judge Walter O. Gresham has nothing to expect from this Administration. Many of his friends hoped to see him succeed to the Matthew's vacancy, but the New and the Lindsey people set their faces like flint against the proposition. It is known here that President Harrison three months ago had made up his mind to appoint Secretary Noble to the Supreme Court vacancy. The Secretary's unenviable part in the Fanner episode killed the project at a single blow.

The President sent to the Senate today the names of the officials appointed by him during the recess.

LEWISBURG, Kan., Dec. 4.—David J. Brewer was born in Smyrna, in Asia Minor, in June, 1817, his parents being missionaries in that place. They returned to the United States soon afterwards and settled in Connecticut, where young Brewer was educated in Hartford, Middletown and New Haven. In 1837 he entered Wesleyan University, but at the close of his junior year went to Yale College, where he was graduated in 1839. He came to this city in 1839, and his first position here was that of clerk in the law office of Stillwell & Hays.

Judge of two years' time he was elected Probate Judge of this county on the Republican ticket, and was afterwards re-elected to various judicial offices until President Arthur appointed him Circuit Judge of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, a position he was still filling when he was notified of his nomination.

Judge Brewer's work has been enormous, but he has faithfully, fairly and ably performed the duties of his office at the sacrifice of his health. He is popular with Democrats as well as Republicans. Like the Chief-Justice of the United States, Judge Brewer has a family of beautiful and accomplished girls and is youthful and boyish-looking himself.

WARFARE UPON TRUSTS.
Three Bills Against Them in the United States Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—Under Mr. Hoar's lottery resolution, which was adopted today, the term of Senator Squire, of Washington, will expire on March 3, 1891, and that of his colleague, Mr. Allen, in 1893. Of the South Dakota Senators Mr. Moody's term expires March 3, 1891, and Mr. Pettigrew's March 3, 1895, and of the North Dakota Senators Mr. Pierce's term expires March 3, 1891, and Mr. Casey's term March 3, 1893.

The first bill introduced in the Senate in the first session of the Fifty-first Congress came from Senator Sherman, and was aimed at trusts. It is identical with the Anti-Trust bill reported by him last year from the Committee on Finance. It declares that any contract, agreement or understanding in restraint of trade, or in giving parties power to recover in courts without articles are advanced in value by combinations, is void.

Senator Sherman introduced a bill on the same subject, which provided for a maximum penalty for engaging in a Trust at \$10,000 and five years imprisonment.

Senator Sherman introduced a bill providing that all contracts, arrangements, trusts or combinations, made with a view to restrain trade, or to give parties power to recover in courts without articles are advanced in value by combinations, is void.

By Mr. Blair.—The Woman Suffrage and Prohibition amendments to the Constitution, also his Education bill.

By Mr. Hoar.—A bill to repeal certain laws authorizing the forfeiture of vessels owned by subjects of foreign governments fishing within three leagues of the coast of the United States or of any bay or assembly of the Gulf of Mexico.

EXTRA
RANGED.

Handsomeness Harry Carlton Pays the Penalty of His Crime.

Executed in the Tombs Yard by Hangman Atkinson This Morning.

THE DROP FELL AT 7.29 1/2.

The Last of the Murderers Who Will Be Executed on the Gallows.

Awakened at 5 A. M. He Passed Part of His Remaining Hours at Prayer.

His Old Father Tries to Obtain Admission to Him but Fails.

The Murderer Tells of His Life in Prison Before Retiring.

A History of His Crime and His Last Night on Earth.

Handsomeness Harry Carlton, who murdered Policeman Brennan, was hanged in the Tombs yard this morning. The drop fell at 7.29 1/2. Carlton walked firmly to the gallows. His neck was broken. He did not struggle. He was the last of the New York murderers to die on the gallows, as all others will be killed by electricity.

At 4 o'clock under Sheriff Sexton arrived at the Tombs. He went at once to the murderers' cage to awaken Carlton, but found the doomed man sleeping so soundly that he decided to let him rest until 5 o'clock.

6 o'clock. A. M.—Mr. Sexton awoke Carlton. The latter opened his eyes in a dazed sort of way, and did not seem to know where he was for several seconds. "Oh, let me sleep," he murmured peevishly, but Father Gelinas spoke to him, and then Carlton became fully conscious of his surroundings. He sat up yawning, opened his eyes and asked quite indifferently:

"Is it daylight yet?"

"Just breaking yonder," replied Mr. Sexton, pointing to the eastward.

"What time is it?" was the next question.

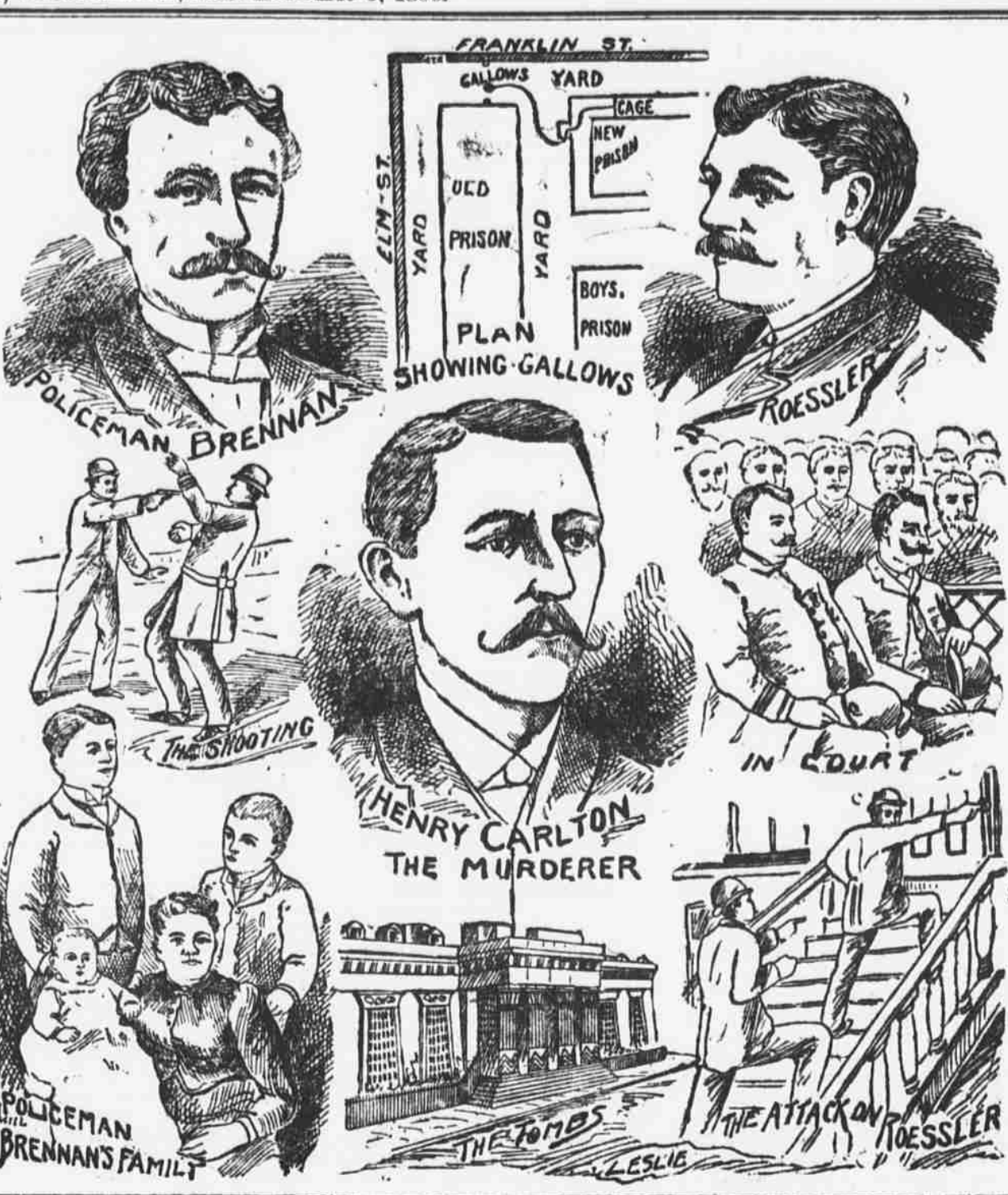
"Five o'clock," he was told.

"Great Scott, as late as that. Time is getting short now, eh, Father?" he said as he sprang lightly out of bed. He washed and dressed hurriedly and at times gazed pitifully into the faces of Deputy Sheriff Wild and Fitzgerald and Father Gelinas and Mr. Sexton as if mutely imploring them to save him. These were the only persons with him at 5 o'clock.

6.15 A. M.—Carlton ordered a breakfast of French coffee, hot rolls, boiled eggs and toast, to be ready at 6 o'clock.

6.30 A. M.—"Joe" Atkinson, the hangman, came bustling into the jail filled with the importance of the job before him.

6.40 A. M.—The condemned man marched with Under Sheriff Sexton and Deputies Lavery, Burke and McGinniss to the chapel in the female prison.



Inspector Williams walked in and mingled with them. Vague rumors came from the murderer's cage:

"Carlton is talking about the scaffold."

"Carlton is bidding some old friend in the Tombs 'good-by.'"

About the last thing the doomed murderer did do was to bequest his pet dog, "Dan" Terry, to Warden Osborne, and let dog kennel knock-knocks among a few of the keepers who had been friendly to him during his imprisonment.

Inspector Williams said he had a hundred men around the Tombs under Captain McCullagh and Meekin.

The minutes went faster and faster. 7.20 A. M. was named as the hour for the execution.

Under Sheriff Sexton said it would be as near that time as consistent, under the circumstances.

7.10—After eating breakfast Carlton lounged unweary around his cell. The Sheriff had been expected at 7 o'clock, but that hour came and passed, and Carlton's watchers noticed that he was growing nervous.

To pass away the time Father Gelinas at last induced the unfortunate man to repair with him to the rule cell-chapel and kneel in prayer.

So he passed his few last remaining hours on earth until the Sheriff's posse arrived.

7.20 A. M.—Sheriff Flack and twenty Deputy Sheriffs arrived after marching two by two from the Sheriff's office.

They carried their spiked batons, insignia of their office, bound in erape and wore high hats. They filed through the main office and assumed positions in the yard near the gallows.

7.25—Carlton, accompanied by the good friends of his prison life, walked to the gallows.

7.29 1/2—The drop has fallen and Carlton has been launched into eternity.

There was no scene at the last moment, as some feared.

A pathetic picture was that of Carlton's poor old father standing outside the big iron-barred gate on the Franklin street side this morning vainly and humbly pleading to be allowed one last interview with his boy so soon to die.

Old Carlton is thin, about the medium height, with iron-gray hair and stiff, bristling gray mustache. He did not weep, but from the frequent sighs which burst from his breast it was evident that he was suffering greatly.

in their custody he should not succeed in any reckless attempt he might make on his life.

The only thing he might have done was to have dashed his brains out on the flagged floor, but the deputy sheriffs kept close to him in his walk, and he had not the slightest chance of doing himself any bodily injury.

When asked if he wished to take his usual evening walk in the yard, he answered wearily: "No. I am tired of walking."

Then in a trust of confidence he told one of his keepers: "I heard them hammering at that thing out there to-day."

"Did it make you feel bad?" he was asked.

"No, but it set me thinking, I can tell you," he responded with a brief mirthless laugh.

The thing he referred to was the gallows on which Paekelham and Nolan were executed last August and which was erected again yesterday afternoon for Carlton.

It was put up by "Joe" Atkinson and his two assistants on the Franklin street side of the Tombs yard, within easy speaking distance of that part of the new prison in which Carlton was confined.

About 7.30 p. m. the good priest, Father Gelinas, arrived and was ushered into Carlton's presence.

"How do you feel to-night, my son?" he inquired gently.

"Out of sorts. I am glad you have come," Carlton replied.

The two men—one still serving his God, the other so soon to face the same God—retired to a cell which Warden Osborne has fitted up as a chapel, and there they knelt side by side for nearly an hour in prayer.

When they walked out it was noticed that Carlton was perfectly calm and had lost all his nervousness.

He sat down among his death watch, with the priest, and after a while Warden Osborne and Under Sheriff Sexton dropped in.

All that was left of a cheerful conversation, but failed most miserably, until the doomed man himself took up the talk and entertained those about him with stories of his career in prison and out of it.

"How did you gain your sobriquet of Handsomeness Harry?" he asked.

"Very simply. Almost sixteen years ago I was reading one of those boys' weeklies one day when I saw a picture of a fellow who looked something or another, and a friend of mine came up and looking over my shoulder caught the title. He said, 'I hereby christen you Handsomeness Harry Carlton,' and the name stuck to me ever since," he explained.

one in the Tombs last night believed in the ones. Carlton remarked it as a bad sign.

Warden Osborne said, though, that the dog was generally allowed to roam at large, and that he howling last night was due only to his being chained up for fear of his attacking some of those whose business made it necessary for them to cross in and about the yard.

After the departure of his visitors, Carlton again seemed to realize that his hours were numbered. He prayed again, with Father Gelinas and made his last confession.

After that the Father retired to sleep in a cell right next Carlton's in the wine cask corridor.

Then Carlton sat down alone with the death watch. He played with "Dan" Terry, a shaggy note of a week-old dog, which was presented to him a week ago by Deputy Sheriff Dan Terry.

Terry found the little animal shivering one night in City Hall Park and brought him to the Tombs. The murderer made a pet of him and the dog reciprocated his affection, sleeping every night on Carlton's bed with him.

"DAN" TELL AD, TOO.

Last night the little animal seemed to feel that his time was going to be short.

He came to Carlton's cell and lay down on the floor, and Carlton, who was lying on his back, turned and looked at him.

As he spoke he fired three shots in rapid succession. One bullet pierced Brennan's left temple, and entered the brain, knocking him to the floor.

Another cut through the lower lip and lodged at the base of the brain, knocking out two teeth in its passage.

The third plunged through the fleshy part of the left neck, and almost grazed the skin on the same side of the neck.

Brennan fought manfully, but after the fourth shot he dropped, and lay on his back, his arms outstretched.

Carlton then turned and fled, throwing his pistol away as he ran, but after a short chase he was captured by Policemen Burke and McGinniss.

He was taken to the East Third-street station, where he was held until he was identified as the murderer.

He was locked up, and came to trial in the following December. He and Hummel appeared for him to plead the self-defense.

In August, 1889, he was convicted of petty larceny, and in December, 1882, he was sent to Sing Sing for three years and three months for highway robbery.

permitted those watching him to perceive that he fully realized the awful death impending.

"My God, dinner time already. How quick the time does fly."

His face paled and he sank wearily into a chair beside the table on which the restaurant was spreading his meal.

Carlton watched his movements closely as if deeply interested in the proceeding, but when Joe had gone away he sat idly playing with a spoon and looking at the clock, but what he was thinking of was not clear.

"Aren't you hungry?" asked Deputy Sheriff Whelan.

"Not very. I will eat in a minute. I was just thinking then that the sun was shining outside and I will never see it at this hour again. I can hear the tinkle of the street-car bells and the hum of the busy street, but at this time to-morrow my ears will be dumb to them. I could go on and tell you all I feel, but what is the use?"

The deputy did not desire to hear him continue in this strain and so advised him to eat, which did, but he only half finished the meal.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY. At 1.30 p. m. the Sisters of Mercy arrived and brought in with them Carlton's father, wife and sister-in-law.

The meeting was intensely dramatic. Carlton, with a smile that was almost a sneer of despair on his handsome face, went to the wire cage door and he faced the outside with his father, then embraced and kissed his sister, and at last his wife, who she held longer, and more tenderly than the other woman.

A FATHER'S TEARS. The old man could not restrain his tears. He tried to but failed. The women sobbed outright.

"Good-by, my dear, dear wife," were the last words which Carlton uttered to her, and she tried to speak, but could not, and reeling, sobbing, she staggered away never to see him again alive.

With the departure of these his last visitors Carlton seemed to feel relieved, and he looked almost happy as he faced the outside with his father, then embraced and kissed his sister, and at last his wife, who she held longer, and more tenderly than the other woman.

They purchased a plot in Calvary Cemetery and engaged Undertaker Hugh Taggart, of 25 Spring street, to bury them there as soon as the law had disposed of him.

They remained with Carlton until 7 o'clock last evening.

"HANDSOMENESS HARRY'S CRIME. Brave Policeman Brennan Shot Dead After Protecting a Man from Assault.

A thick damp fog hung over New York in the early hours of Sunday morning, Oct. 28, 1888. Few people were about the streets, but on the evening previous there had been a great political parade, and the saloons about town were still doing a thriving business.

Tucker's, on the corner of Thirty-third street and Third avenue, was crowded.

About 4.30 o'clock the side door was pushed open with no gentle hand, and "Handsomeness Harry" Carlton, with two friends, swaggered in and ordered drinks.

Harry's stamping ground was in that neighborhood and he was known to be a bad man. Carlton, the slender, dark, who lived then at 162 East Third-street, was in the place at the time. He carried a valuable umbrella, which Carlton, who had several boys, attempted to take away from him.

Roessler fought for his property and was hustled into the street, where he was followed by Carlton and his friends, Ahern and Burke, and again attacked.

At this juncture the big form of Policeman Brennan loomed up out of the fog.

Roessler pointed out Carlton to the policeman, saying: "He stole my umbrella."

He alone was left in the street. He and those men hit me.

The policeman returned the umbrella and kindly ordered Roessler to go home.

The toughs slunk away, but under cover of the fog, they crowded the street and started up on the other side, intending to load Roessler off.

The latter was just inserting the key in the door when Carlton sprang up the steps, followed by his friends.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Roessler was kicked, punched and his umbrella taken from him again.

Roessler shouldered lustily for the police and Officer Brennan again came to the rescue.

When the thugs saw him, Carlton dropped the umbrella and the two dashed towards the avenue.

Brennan pursued them, and at last laid his hands on them on the corner of Third and Broadway.

Quick as a flash the latter faced his captor and, drawing a big revolver from his pocket, exclaimed: "I am going to shoot you."

As he spoke he fired three shots in rapid succession. One bullet pierced Brennan's left temple, and entered the brain, knocking him to the floor.

Another cut through the lower lip and lodged at the base of the brain, knocking out two teeth in its passage.

The third plunged through the fleshy part of the left neck, and almost grazed the skin on the same side of the neck.

Brennan fought manfully, but after the fourth shot he dropped, and lay on his back, his arms outstretched.

Carlton then turned and fled, throwing his pistol away as he ran, but after a short chase he was captured by Policemen Burke and McGinniss.

He was taken to the East Third-street station, where he was held until he was identified as the murderer.

He was locked up, and came to trial in the following December. He and Hummel appeared for him to plead the self-defense.

In August, 1889, he was convicted of petty larceny, and in December, 1882, he was sent to Sing Sing for three years and three months for highway robbery.

After he was released he made an effort to reform, but it did not last long, and he soon resumed his lawless mode of living.

He resided at the time of the murder at 457 First avenue.

For the highway robbery in 1889 he was arrested by Detective McLaughlin, and was sent to the East Third-street station, in Third avenue restaurant.

He pulled a pistol then on the detective, but the latter was too quick for him and grasped it before Carlton could use it.

Policeman Brennan, who was forty-three years old and had been on the force fourteen years at the time he was murdered.

He left a wife and three children in straitened circumstances.

Marshall and Moonshiner Killed. KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 4.—A tragedy occurred at Butler, Mo., a small town in the interior of the State, late last night, in which two men were shot and killed. One of the victims was Deputy United States Marshal J. R. Willis and the other, Percy Morgan, a Missouri man, who had been arrested to arrest Morgan was a desperate man, and when told that Willis had a warrant for his arrest, he drew a revolver and fired. Morgan was shot through the heart and died instantly. Willis was shot in the stomach and died this morning.

Mr. Ten Broeck's Eccentricities. (SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 4.—The guardianship proceedings in the case of Richard Ten Broeck is still dragging along at Redwood City. Lucky Baldwin testified today that he had recently read a team to Ten Broeck for \$1,150, which Ten Broeck afterwards disposed of for \$250. Ten Broeck's maid said that Ten Broeck once said he was of no account except to dye his white hair. For this she called Mr. Ten Broeck a liar, whereupon he tweaked her nose.